may bē, hath ēndured a griefe might equall yours, if both were
juſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate,
my derivation was from anceſtors who ſtood equivolent with
mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to
the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſervitude, I
will deſiſt, but there is ſomething glowes upon my cheeke, and
whiſpers in mine eare, Goe not till he ſpeake,

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equall mine;
was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaid, My Lord, if you did know my parentage, you
would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eyes upon me, y'are
like ſome-thing that, what Countrey-woman heare of theſe
ſhewes?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhewēs, yet I was mortally brought
forth, and am no other than I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping: my dea-
reſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one my daughter might
have beene: my Queenes ſquare browes, her ſtature to an inch,
as wand-like ſtrait, as ſilver voyc'ſt, her eyes as jewell-like, and
caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who ſtarves the eares ſhe
feedes, and makes them hungry, the more ſhe gives them ſpeech;
where do you livē?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger, from the decke you may
diſcerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you theſe en-
dowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeeme like lies diſ-
daind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee ſpeake, falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for
thou lookeſt modeſt as juſtice, and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the
crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeve thee, and make my ſen-
ces credit thy relation, to points that ſeeme impoſſible, for thou
lookſt like one I loved indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt
thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I
perceiud thee that thou cam'ſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentagē, I thinke thou ſai
beene toſt from wrong to injury, and that thou
griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no mo
thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſidered prove
part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have
gyrle, yet thou doſt looke like patience, gazing on
and ſmiling extremity out of act, what were thy
loſt thou thy name, my moſt kinde virgin? recou
thee, Come ſit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina.*

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome infe
hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good ſir, or here ile ceaſe.

Per. Nay ile be patient, thou little knowſt h
ſtartle me, to call thy ſelfe *Marina.*

Mar. The name was given me by one that had
my father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*

Mar. You ſaid you would beleeve me, but no
ble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you fleſh and bloud?
Have you a working pulſe, and are no Fairy?
Motion well ſpeake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore cald *Marina?*

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at ſea.

Per. At ſea! who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughrer of a King,
minute I was borne, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida*
vered weeping.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the rareſt dream
That ere dull ſleepe did mocke ſad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, wel, where w
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your ſtory,
terrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorne, beleevē me twere beſt I did g